

NEW BIG SPECIAL ISSUE!

100 Pages



No.18

25¢

G.I. Joe

ANC



SGT. MULVANEY



WEEPY & MEATBALL



LILITH

Great Stories About Your Favorite G.I. Joe Characters:

Zeb • Hoosier • Carpuccio • Weepy • Meatball • Lilith • Susie



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SOLDIERS
SAILORS
WACS
WAVES
MARINES
PT BOATS
BATTLESHIPS
CRUISERS
TANKS
BOMBERS
CANNONS
TRUCKS

50 COMBAT ACTION TOYS \$1

PLASTIC

Now you can be Commander in Chief of this complete task force. Have pitched battles, gunnery drills, deploy your troops for attack and defense. Here's a complete army . . . 50 pieces in all including soldiers, sailors, marines, PT boat, Howitzers, tanks, planes, and ships. You'll be thrilled and delighted with this complete task force. Nothing else like it!

LOOK WHAT YOU GET: SOLDIERS
SAILORS • MARINES • WACS • TANKS
JEEPS • PT BOATS • BATTLESHIPS • JET
PLANES • BOMBERS • MACHINE GUNNERS
HOWITZERS • TRUCKS • BAZOOKA MEN
RIFLEMEN

Here's a great collection of military toys yours for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun and pleasure with this wonderful set. Every piece made of plastic in realistic scale. Precision formed of Styrene...nothing like it has ever been offered at this price. Rush your order now. 6" long die cut cannon that shoots harmless bombs included in your order NOW!

FREE 6" LONG DIE CUT SHOOTING CANNON!

Supplies Limited! Don't delay. Rush name and address and \$1 for each set. Your complete 50-piece task force will be shipped by return mail. Sorry no COD's. Rush your dollar today.

FIGHTING FORCE Dept. ZD-CA
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
I enclose _____ at \$1 per set. Rush your 50-piece Fighting Force set prepaid.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SOLDIERS
SAILORS
WACS
WAVES
MARINES
PT BOATS
BATTLESHIPS
CRUISERS
TANKS
BOMBERS
CANNONS
TRUCKS

G.I. Joe

in

Mr. President

AS AMERICAN AS BASEBALL, AS VITAL AS THE CONSTITUTION AND AS SIGNIFICANT AS THE FOURTH OF JULY IS THE AMERICAN FREE ELECTION, FROM PORTLAND, MAINE TO PORTLAND, OREGON, EVERYONE TAKES PART IN THIS POLITICAL DRAMA WITH THE SAGACITY OF CRACKER-BARREL POLITICIANS AND THE CANDOR OF BROOKLYN BASEBALL FANS! OF COURSE, SOME ARE MORE RABID THAN OTHERS—AS WAS THE CASE WITH CALVIN COOK. NOW WE'RE ON THE FRONT LINES, COOK DASHES OUT OF HIS FOXHOLE...





WOTTA FIGHT!
HE GOT **SEVEN**
REDS!

HOW BAD'S HE
WOUNDED, JOE?

WELL, HE'S
BREATHING!
BUT HE NEEDS
BLOOD—AN'
QUICK!



LATER...
COOK'S A
LUCKY BOY!
A BUMP ON
THE HEAD
AND A LEG
FLESH WOUND!
HE'LL BE UP
IN A FEW
DAYS, BUT
HIS MORALE'S
BEEN SHATTERED!

YEAH! HE'S CRAZY
'BOUT POLITICS!
NOW, HE'S
PROBABLY
THINKING
HE'LL MISS
ALL THE
EXCITEMENT
OF THE
PRESIDENTIAL
ELECTION!

WHAT'S COOK
KNOW ABOUT
POLITICS?
YA DON'T LEARN
THAT STUFF IN
**POLEVILLE,
IDAHO!!!**
NOW TAKE
ME—BOSTON'S
A GREAT
POLITICAL
TOWN!



DAN DOOLEY TAUGHT ME ALL I KNOW! GREAT
GUY, THAT DAN! WHY, HE'S THE GREATEST
PRECINCT BOSS TH' 49TH WARD EVER HAD!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
KNEW ANYTHIN' 'BOUT
POLITICS, SARGE!



I KNOW **EVERYTHIN'**
ABOUT IT! USED T'GO
TO ALL THE RALLIES!
AN' DOOLEY COULD
OUT-SHOUT 'EM ALL!
WOTTA TALKER!
"SILVER-THROAT"
DOOLEY THEY CALL 'IM!

THEN DOOLEY'LL
BE IN OFFICE AS
LONG AS HIS
VOICE HOLDS
OUT, EH, SARGE?



IT TAKES **BRAINS**
T'GIT ELECTED IN
POLEVILLE—NOT
SOUND, SERGEANT!

HUH? SAY! COOK
MUST BE COMIN'
OUT OF IT!



LISTEN HERE,
COOK—DOOLEY'S
TH' SMARTEST
POLITICIAN IN TH'
49TH PRECINCT!
Y'OUGHTA **SEE** HIM
RUN AN ELECTION!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO RUN AN
ELECTION, SARGE!
TOO BAD WE CAN'T
HAVE ONE HERE!
THEN I'D SHOW YA!

SAY! YOU
GUYS JUST
GAVE ME
AN IDEA!



...SINCE WE'LL BE HOLDING A REAR ECHELON POSITION, IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF BURCH'S IDEA! WE'LL HOLD AN ELECTION IN BAKER COMPANY... JUST LIKE THE ELECTIONS BACK IN THE STATES! IT WILL BRING US ALL CLOSER TO HOME! FORGET RANK... WRITE THE NAMES OF THE MEN YOU WANT TO RUN FOR OFFICE ON A SHEET OF PAPER! WE'LL HOLD A LOTTERY TO SEE WHO IS SELECTED!



WELL, HERE THEY ARE, MEN — THE CADIDATES FOR THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF BAKER COMPANY: **PVT. JOSEPH BURCH** AND **SERGEANT MULVANEY!** MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!



LET'S HAVE SPEECHES FROM **BOTH** CANDIDATES!



...AN' IN CONCLUSION, DURING MY CAMPAIGN — AND **WHEN I'M ELECTED** — REMEMBER, THE MOST IMPORTANT PLANK IN MY PLATFORM IS: **NO SERGEANTS!!**

'ATTA BOY, JOE!

YAHOO!



AN' I SAY IT AGAIN 'N' AGAIN!!!
WASHIN' MACHINES FER ALL
K.P. — AN' FURLONGHS FOR
EVERYBODY! I PLAN TO...

LOOK OUT, SARGE!!!



AS ELECTION DRAWS NEAR, THE CAMPAIGNS GET HOTTER...

CAMPAIGN HQ. FOR JOE BURCH
THE SOLDIER'S SOLDIER!

REMEMBER, HOOSIER, AS JOE'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER, YOU GOTTA HOG-TIE YER VOTERS WITH **SHORT** SPEECHES! THEY BUCK AT LONG ONES!

THIS ONE'S A MITE LONG, COOK -- BUT IT'S GOT ALL THE **RIGHT** PROMISES!

JOE'S FUTURE IS YOUR FUTURE!
VOTE FOR JOE!

VOTE FOR G.I. JOE!

CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS OF ALOYSIUS MULVANEY, THE **MAN** — AND SGT. MULVANEY, THE **SOLDIER!**

PSST — SARGE — I **GOT** IT! WANNA TAKE A LOOK?

BE WITH YA AS SOON AS I FINISH CLEANIN' CARP'S RIFLE, WEEPY!

MULVANEY
LEADER OF MEN!

VOTE FOR THE PR
LEADER

M IS FOR THE MEN HE'S LED TO VICTORY!
U IS FOR HIS UNDERSTANDING NATURE!
L IS FOR HIS LOVE OF BAKER COMPANY!
V IS FOR THE VOTES HE'S SURE TO GET!
A IS FOR HIS A-1 DISPOSITION!
N IS FOR HIS NERVE IN BATTLE, TOO!
E IS FOR HIS EFFORT FOR HIS MEN!
Y IS FOR HIS YEARS OF FAITHFULNESS!

PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER THEY SPELL **MULVANEY** — THE **ONLY** MAN FOR THE **JOB!**



BOY, WEEPY! IT LOOKS GREAT!



LATER, BACK OF THE MESS TENT...

SUCH VOTE-GETTIN' TACTICS IS AS OBVIOUS AS KISSIN' BABIES, SARGE!

LOOK, COOK - I'LL GIVE - ER - SAY, LET ME KNOW IF THEY AIN'T TREATIN' YA RIGHT AT MEDICS! GOTTA PROTECT MY BOYS!



A LITTLE LATER...

MIGHTY NICE O' YOU, SARGE - DIGGIN' MY FOXHOLE FER ME!

GLAD T'DO IT!

ER, HIYA, COOK!

BOY! IF DOOLEY COULD SEE YA NOW!



STILL LATER...

GEE THANKS FER FIXIN' "CLARA" SARGE! I THOUGHT SURE I WAS GONNA LOSE HER!

WHY YA LOOKIN' AT ME SO FUNNY, SARGE?

ER, NOTHIN, CARP... ER, FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT YA WAS COOK!



MEANWHILE...

...AN' SPEAKIN' AS ONE WHO KNOWS YOUR PROBLEMS, I'LL CUT K.P. TO THE BONE! GUARANTEE TWO FURLONGS IN EVERY GARAGE - ER, EVERY YEAR!



...AN' NOW, MY FRIENDS, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTERDUCE THE COMIN' PRESIDENT OF BAKER COMPANY... YER CANDIDATE AND MINE! - MULVANEY - TH' PEOPLE'S CHERCE!



ER - PSSST! - ER - MULVANEY...! HEY, SARGE!!

DON'T TELL ME OL' SARGE IS SHY!

POOR SARGE! LOST 'IS TONGUE! TCH! - TCH - TCH!



HOLY CATS!!





WHO THREW THAT HEN-FRUIT? I'LL BREAK HIS — ER, THAT IS — HA-HA — NOTHIN' LIKE A LITTLE LAUGH! HA-HA...!

'ATTA BOY, SARGE! NOTHIN' LIKE A SENSE OF HUMOR!

THE FOLLOWING DAY -- ELECTION!

YA CAN'T VOTE MORE'N ONCE, ZEB! IT AIN'T CONSTI-TOOTIONAL!

I AIN'T VOTIN' TWICE! I JUST WROTE **BIG** SO THEY'D SEE THE NAME O' MY CANDIDATE!



HOLD IT!

YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHO **MULVANEY'S** VOTIN' FOR!

HE BETTER VOTE RIGHT! IT **MIGHT** BE THE ONLY VOTE HE GETS!



THAT NIGHT...

TIME'S UP! NO MORE VOTING! I'VE BEEN COUNTING THE VOTES IN THE OTHER TWO BOXES AND SO FAR --

--OUR CANDIDATES ARE **TIED**! THE THIRD BOX WILL DECIDE THE ELECTION!



LOUTENANT! THE REDS ARE ATTACKING!



SAVE THE BALLOT BOX — OR THE ELECTION'LL BE RUINED!

AFTER MINUTES OF VICIOUS FIGHTING...

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!
THE REDS TOOK THE
BALLOT BOX!
WE GOTTA GET
IT BACK!

YOU BET,
SARGE!



WHILE AT THE RED CAMP...

HONORABLE SIR--
STRANGE
AMELI-CAN
BOX! FULL
OF TISSUE-
FOIL!!

AH! BAL-LOT
BOX! REFLECTS **STUPID**
AMELICAN
SYSTEM OF
GOVERNMENT!
WE FIX! WE
LET AMERICANS
FIND BOX!



LATER...

HEY, LOOK!
THE REDS
MUSTA
DROPPED
IT!

GO EASY --
MIGHT BE A
TRAP!

WAIT'LL
I GET MY
HANDS ON
THAT BOX!



BACK AT CAMP...

WHY, TH' DIRTY RATS!
THESE AIN'T BALLOTS!
THEY'RE LAUNDRY
TICKETS! -- EVERY
LOUSY ONE OF 'EM! AN'
AFTER ALL MY WORK!

I'M AFRAID
THIS MAKES IT
NECESSARY
TO CALL THE
ELECTION
A TIE!

IF WE'D A' HAD
AN ELECTRICAL
COLLEGE
MULVANEY'D
BE PRESIDENT!



SIR -- A WIRE
JUST CAME
FOR CALVIN
COOK...

YIPPEE! I
GOT ELECTED
AGAIN!



"PRIVATE CALVIN
COOK -- YOU HAVE
BEEN RE-ELECTED
MAYOR! CONGRATU-
LATIONS! POLEVILLE
CITY COUNCIL!"



COOK -- YOU
CAN HAVE
YOUR POLITICS!
I'LL TAKE
THE ARMY!

AN' IN "BAKER"
COMPANY,
SARGE -- EVERY-
ONE'S A PRESIDENT!



The End

G.I. Joe

in

SCARED

IS IT WRONG TO BE SCARED? DAY AFTER DAY, MINUTE AFTER MINUTE, DEATH IS THE SOLDIER'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR. CAN WE THEN CONDEMN THE FAINT OF HEART? OUR SCENE IS A REAR AREA IN KOREA. JOE BURCH AND SGT. MULVANEY WATCH AS A FRESH CROP OF REPLACEMENTS FILES IN ...





NOTHIN'! JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE A FRIEND AROUND HERE, THAT'S ALL!

I GOT ME A FRIEND RIGHT **HERE**, BURCH-- AND THE TAG I GO BY IS: **MY OWN BUSINESS!**

A WHILE LATER...

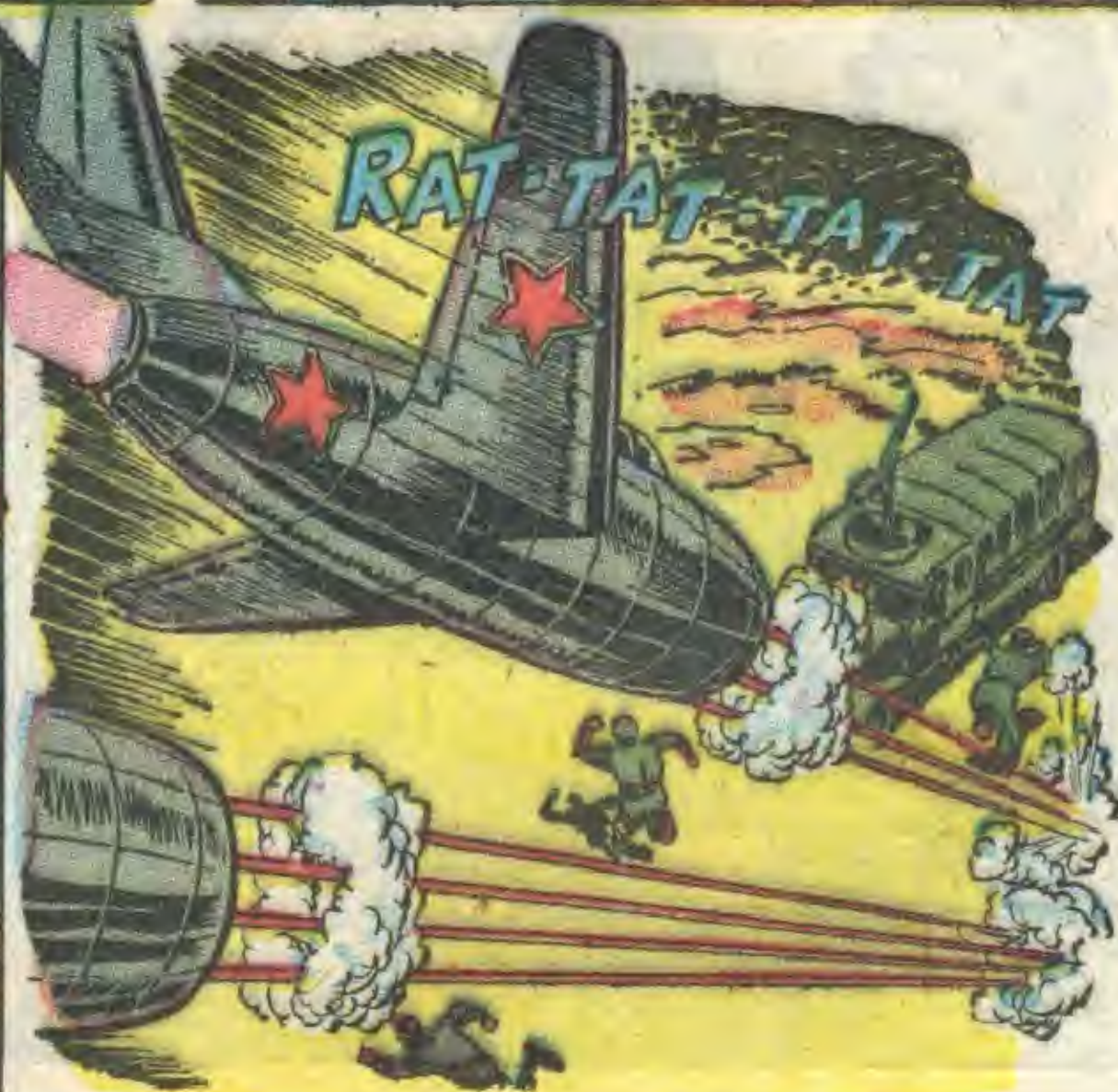
HEARD ABOUT THE RECEPTION YA GOT FROM FARRELL, JOE! I TOLD YOU NOT TO WASTE YOUR TIME! I'VE SEEN GUYS LIKE HIM BEFORE! THEY SIT AROUND MAD AT THE WHOLE...

HOLD IT, SARGE! WE GOT COMPANY!



MIGS!

HIT THE DECK!



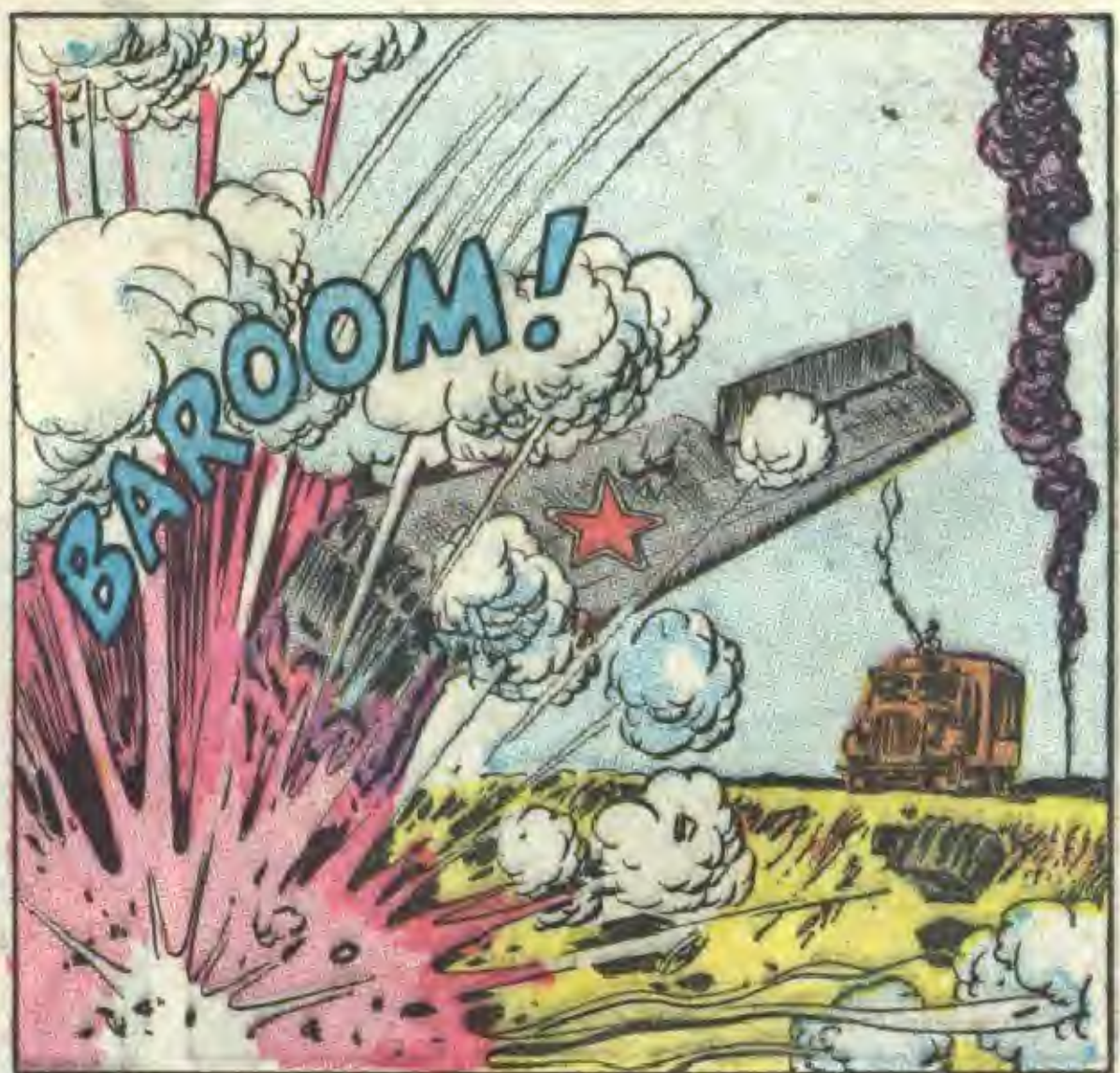
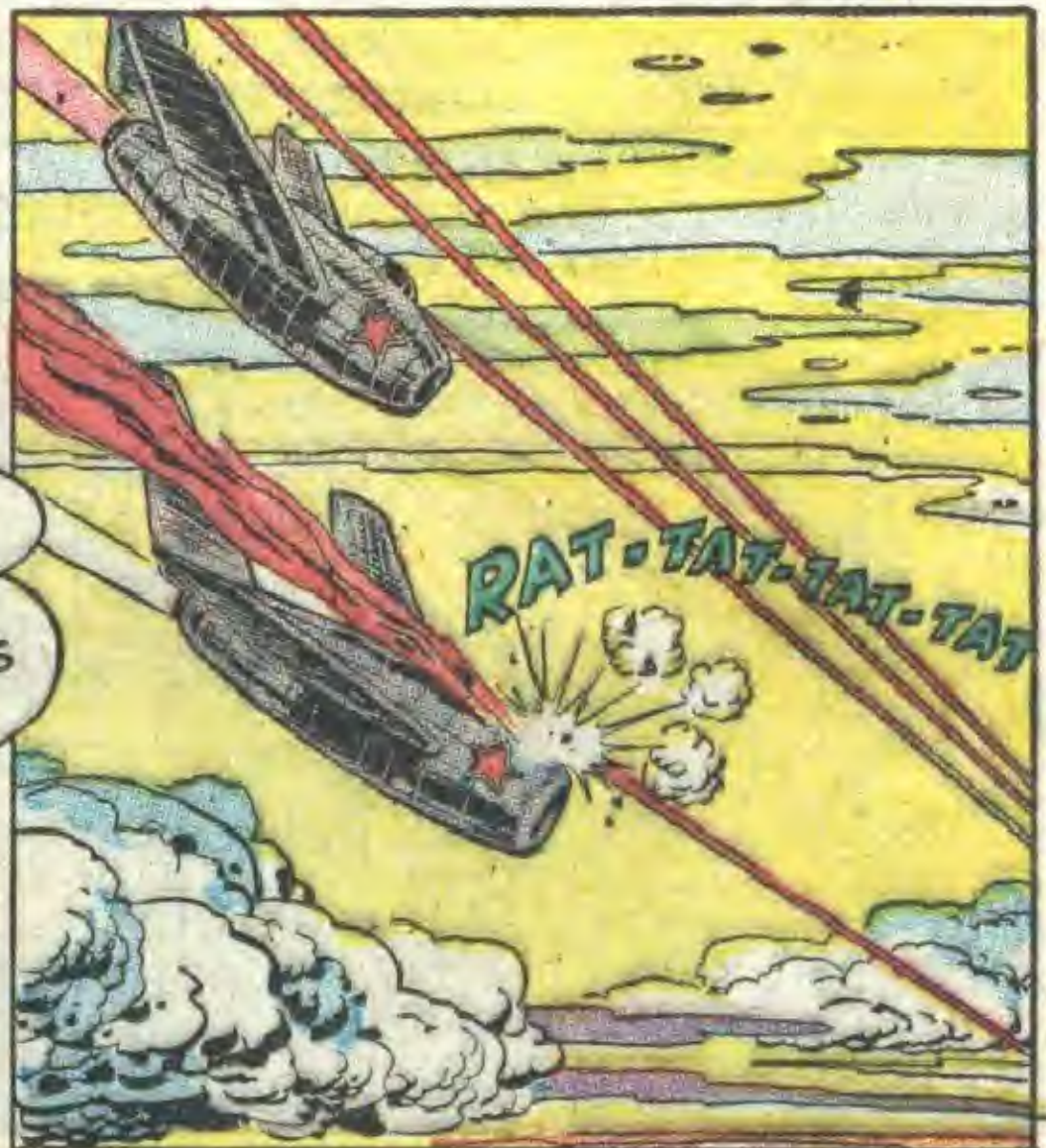
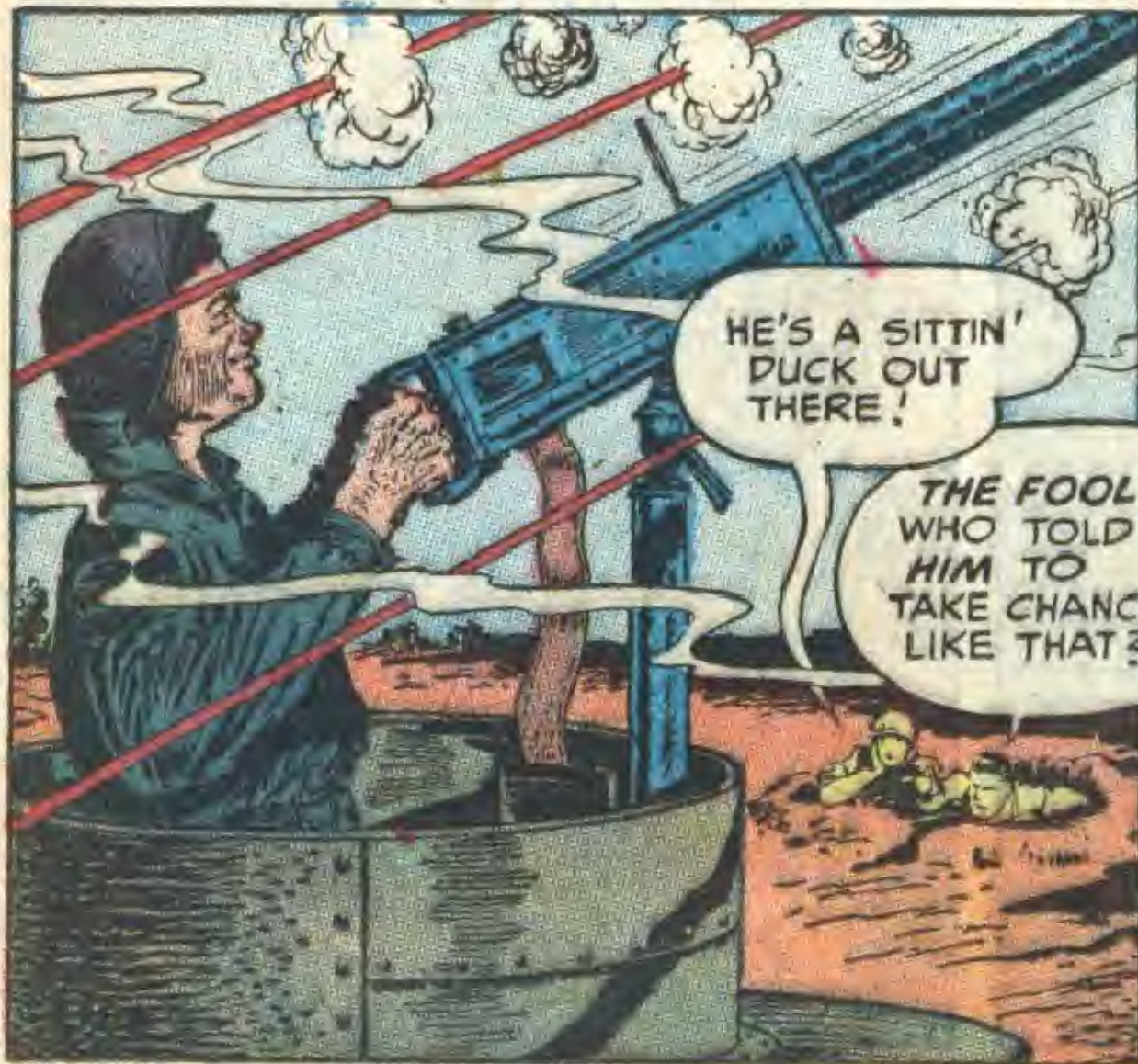
EAT DIRT, YOU GUYS! THEY'RE COMIN' IN AGAIN!

IF SOMEONE COULD ONLY GET TO THAT .50, BUT IT'S OUT IN THE OPEN! A GUY COULDN'T STAND A CHANCE OUT THERE!



YEAH! IT'D BE LIKE COMMITTIN' SUICIDE! I AIN'T LETTIN' NONE OF MY MEN GO OUT THERE!

SARGE! LOOK! IT'S FARRELL!



WAR WAITS FOR NO MAN... AND IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE MEN TO PREPARE FOR THE ACTION THAT LIES AHEAD...

AND SO "BAKER" COMPANY MOVES UP! THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN, AND EACH MAN IS READY TO FACE IT IN HIS OWN WAY...



PILE IN, FARRELL! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! AN' I'LL SEE YOU LATER ABOUT THAT BIT OF HEROICS!

OKAY, SARGE, ANYTIME!



THAT WAS A TERRIFIC JOB YOU DID BACK THERE, FARRELL!

WE'RE FIGHTIN' A WAR, AIN'T WE? AN' BESIDES, MULVANEY DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE IT ANY!

STUNNED BY THE ARROGANCE OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER, JOE PREPARES HIS ANSWER, BUT...



HEY! TANKS! AN' THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY!

THE CONVOY GRINDS TO A HALT, AND "BAKER" COMPANY DEPLOYS TO BATTLE THE METAL JUGGERNAUTS...



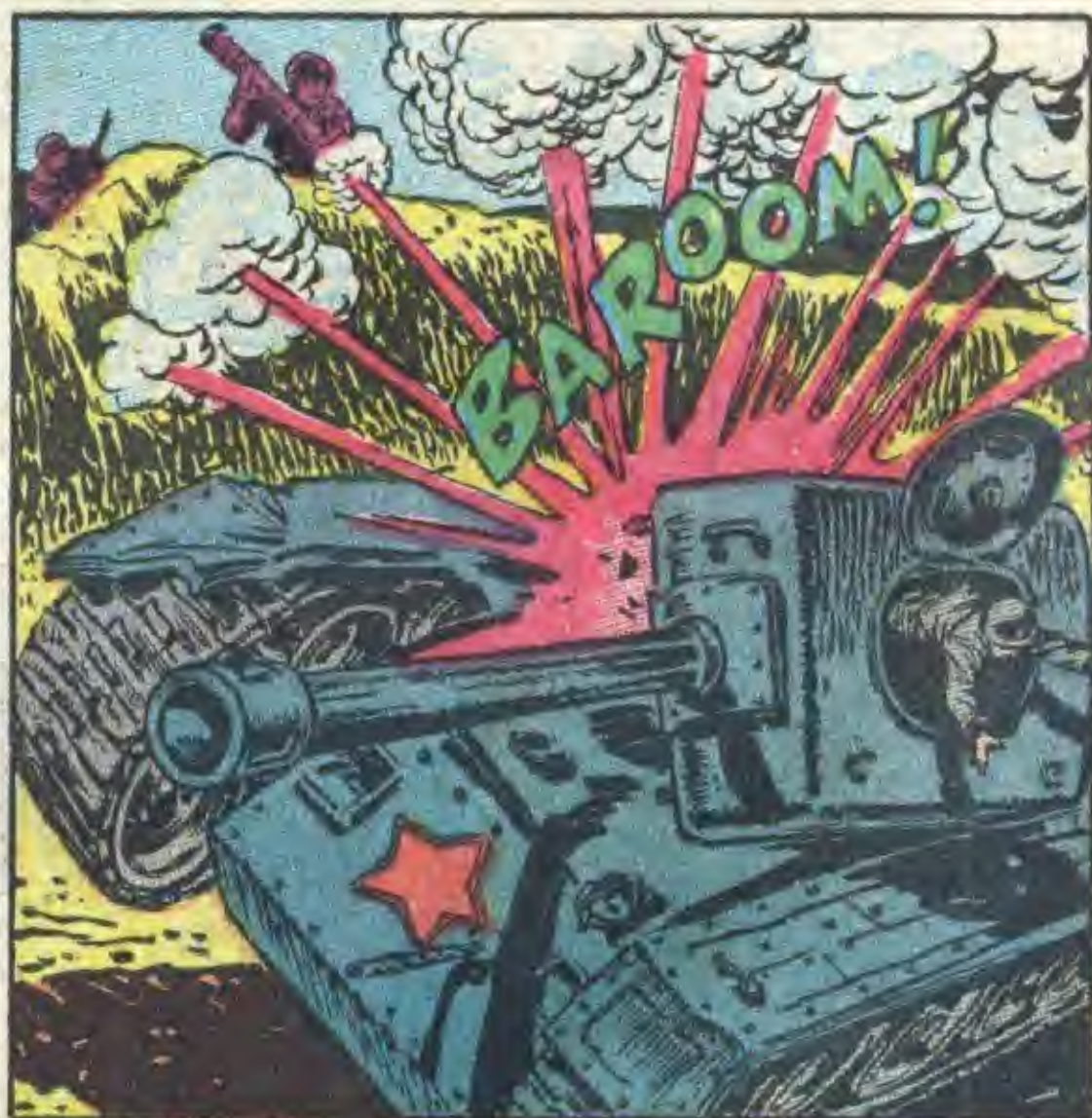
KEEP LOW UNTIL IT PASSES... THEN GIVE IT A BLAST FROM BEHIND! AN' KEEP AN EYE ON FARRELL, HE'S LIABLE TO BLOW HIS STACK OUT HERE!

FARRELL? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE LEFT THE TRUCK! BESIDES, I GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WATCH FOR RIGHT NOW!



HEY, SARGE! THAT'S FARRELL UP THERE ON THE ROCKS!

I TOLE YA THAT THAT KID WAS NUTS! GO GET 'IM, BEFORE WE LOSE A REPLACEMENT!



AND SO IT WAS... THE HERO WAS TURNED INSIDE OUT...





YAAAGGHHH!
NO! NO!



A SECTION EIGHT!
I TOLD JOE HE WAS
'WASTIN' HIS TIME WITH
THAT GUY! HE'S OFF
HIS ROCKER!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT A BASE HOSPITAL...



IS HE GONNA
BE OKAY,
COLONEL?

THAT'S UP TO FARRELL
HIMSELF! WE HAD A
SOLDIER JUST LIKE HIM IN
THE FIRST WAR -- ALWAYS IN THE
THICK OF THINGS... A REAL HERO!
UNTIL FINALLY, WAY PAST THE POINT
WHEN MOST MEN WOULD CRACK,
HE MADE A RUN FOR IT! SGT.

ED FARRELL...
FUNNY THAT
THEY SHOULD
HAVE THE
SAME NAME,
ISN'T IT?



HE WAS TALKING ABOUT MY
FATHER, JOE! HE WAS A
GOOD SOLDIER... AN' HE
WASN'T A COWARD! I'M GONNA
BE LIKE HIM, JOE! I'M GONNA BE
A GOOD SOJER!

YOU SURE
WILL, JIM!
NOW GET
SOME REST!



LOOKS LIKE FARRELL'S GONNA BE
A FIRST CLASS FIGHTIN' MAN NOW!
WHAT BEATS ME IS HOW YOU KNEW
THE COLONEL WAS YAPPIN' ABOUT
HIS OLD MAN!

QUIET



THAT'S EASY, SARGE —
CAUSE I TOLD THE
COLONEL THE STORY!

THE END

**TOPS
IN**

ADVENTURE



TWO-FISTED ACTION!

What man destroyed an empire? Who was the roughest-toughest man who ever lived? **READ — SEE —** the world's iron men in high-explosive action!

IMMORTALS OF THE GRIDIRON!

Who was football's "Gentle Giant?" What is the legend of the "Educated Toe?" See "Bo" McMillin, "Bronko" Nagurski, Don Hutson and other grid stars in smash pigskin play!

132 PAGES



ONLY 25¢

SCIENCE-FICTION AT ITS THRILLING BEST!

Power-mad Earthmen throttle our Solar System from a "Beach-head on Saturn's Ring." Who will save the Universe from doom! Don't miss this suspense-filled story of interplanetary intrigue! Other great stories — special features!

TOP-NOTCH WESTERN DRAMA!

Can a killer's blazing guns avert the grim menace of "A Dead Man's Vengeance?" You must **READ — SEE** this gripping desert saga — **PLUS** — other great stories of rugged action on America's Last Frontier!

**BIGGEST COMICS BARGAIN EVER
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!**

ARMCHAIR COMMANDO

CORPORAL "POP" ROBERTS was at least six foot two. He was broad shouldered. He had a big, wide face and a shock of blond hair that was turning gray at the temples. A thirty-year man.

Maybe it was the way he wore his sweat-soaked overseas cap — sideways and cocked low over his right ear. Maybe it was the way he gave orders. Most of us did not bother to analyze it, but there was something about the old guy that demanded our attention.

"Men, you've been sent here to Kobe for final briefing before going into combat. You will be on the line soon! It's not going to be any picnic! My job is to toughen you up. Cooperate, and I'll have you ready in no time!"

"Gee, thanks!" a wise guy cracked. "But, Pop, what if we don't *want* to get ready? Don't you know a guy can get hurt lettin' other guys take pot shots at him?"

A chorus of laughter arose from the ranks. Pop Roberts' face turned blue with anger. His big jaw set in a determined line and his eyes were like rifle bullets tearing into his antagonist.

"You're at attention!" Roberts barked. "You'll stay that way until I say different!"

"Chicken!" one of the guys barked back.

The muscles over Pop's jaw bone bounced as he gritted his teeth. "Who said that?"

A sergeant broke ranks and swaggered up to Pop Roberts. "I did! Wanna make somethin' out of it?"

The Sergeant started the ball rolling, and it caught on with the rest of us. Pop Roberts was under fire. We didn't intend to let up. "What are you, Pop, a General?" "What chicken coop did you fly out of?" "Garrison Commando!"

By now the old Corporal's face was hard as steel. He glared at all of us, but mostly at Bart Linder,

the Sergeant who had started the heckling.

"Sergeant, I'm confining you to quarters. No passes! No privileges of any kind, and K. P. for the next three days!"

"Platoon, att-en-hut! Dismissed!" Pop Roberts started to walk away.

"What'sa idea?" Linder asked as he jabbed a thick finger into Pop Roberts' stomach. "You lookin' to get your ears pinned back?"

"Atta boy, Sarge!" somebody said. "Tell him off. Show him who's got the rank around here!"

Pop stared down at Linder's finger. For a minute or two it looked like Bart Linder had Roberts just where we all wanted him. Then, suddenly, Linder was down on his knees; his finger tightly gripped in Pop's strong right hand.

"I can't hit you," Roberts said. "It's against regulations. But I don't like getting jabbed in the bread basket." Pop released the captive finger. "Now, get this — all of you! Your rank doesn't count here, so don't get any ideas about pulling it. You don't give orders while on this post. You take them! That's regulations!"

Regulations! We wondered if he ate and drank them, too. We wondered how an old guy could treat good, combat-ready infantrymen like a bunch of school kids.

Chicken—strictly chicken. We gave Pop Roberts a mighty bad time for the next two weeks to make up for it.

Then one morning, we noticed that Pop wasn't his usual disagreeable self. He seemed a lot older than his fifty-odd years. His shoulders sagged. His hand trembled as he clenched an official looking letter in it. The stern creases at the corners of his mouth were deeper than we remembered them.

"What'sa matter, General—you sick?" somebody cracked.

Roberts jammed the letter into his pocket and looked us up and down. His heels came together sharply. He raised his head, threw his shoulders back, chin in, chest out.

He bawled a guy out for gabbing at attention, and chewed out another for missing retreat the night before. He bellowed orders. "Chemical warfare lecture from eleven to twelve. Be there! After mess, an hour of calisthenics, this time in shorts only. It will toughen you up for exposure to the sun in the hot months to come. Showers. Redress. A parade after that, followed by an address by Colonel Degnan, the post commander."

Bart Linder had taken about all the "chicken" he could stand. Risking another grind of K. P., he popped off:

"Let me out of this lousy rat race! Day in, day out, the same old chicken. And from a guy who wouldn't know one end of a rifle from another. I didn't join this man's army to get shoved around by a bunch of pencil pushers. I enlisted to fight Reds! Go ahead! Slap me on K. P. again. You can't keep me there forever! When my outfit ships out, I'll be right with 'em, chicken or no!"

It was a fine piece of oratory, but as usual, Pop didn't appreciate it. All he did was make sure Bart Linder was in the first rank where he could keep an eye on him and work him harder during calisthenics. What would happen to poor Bart after that, only time would tell. The expression in Pop's eyes was a dead give-away that it wouldn't be nice.

We took calisthenics on the parade grounds. Pop mounted the grandstand and set the example by pulling off his bleached fatigues and stripping down to his shorts. Suddenly Bart Linder, who was next to me, grabbed my arm.

"Look! Look at Pop's stomach!"

"What a scar!"

"Yeah — must be over a foot long!" Bart said.

"Easy a foot. You can't even see the end of it.

His shorts are in the way!"

"No wonder he doesn't like getting poked in the stomach!" Linder gasped. "What is it; a bayonet scar?"

"Dunno," I answered. "But it's a cinch he didn't get it just barking orders. We must have figured him wrong. Maybe he hasn't always been a garrison soldier!"

"Maybe not," Bart said. "But I'm sure goin' to make it my business to find out!"

"How?"

"I'm asking Colonel Degnan right after th' parade."

Which is exactly what Bart Linder did.



Nobody missed retreat. Nobody heckled. Nobody gabbed at attention. Nobody griped. But after Pop dismissed us, we cornered him in the orderly room and threw a barrage of questions at him.

"Why didn't you tell us you were in the first war?" "Yah, we all thought you were an arm-chair commando, a 'chicken' hero!" "Tell us how you saved the Colonel's life and got the Congressional Medal of Honor for it!" "Tell us about

the scar—did it hurt much?" "C'mon, Pop, give the whole story—"

Bart Linder shut us up. He stuck out his big paw to Corporal Pop Roberts. "Pop," he said. "I'm just a green rookie. We're all a bunch of rookie punks. But I've learned a lot today about soldierin'. I think I'll know what to do from here on in. Let me shake the hand of the best darned soldier I ever hope to meet!" Nobody mentioned the letter just then, but the day we shipped out Bart Linder left Pop Roberts a note for all of us, saying:

"S'long, Pop. We'll be looking for that kid of yours who's missing in action! When we find him we'll give him your regards—"

THE END

Boys, Get That Real R.R. Engineer's Thrill

THAT COMES ONLY WITH

LIONEL TRAINS

WANT A REAL ENGINEER'S CAP LIKE THIS? SEE EXTRA SPECIAL COUPON OFFER BELOW



Yes-siree, when a boy wants trains he means Lionel trains. The only trains that look and sound and perform like the real thing, the only trains with real R.R. Knuckle Couplers, Die-Cast Trucks, Solid Steel Wheels and built-in Two-Tone Whistle. The most realistic of smoke-puffing steam locomotives. The most authentic Diesels. See them at your Lionel Dealer's and take Dad along. That's the way to make your Lionel Christmas dream come true. Do it now!

Special and Extra Special Coupon Offers... Get yours in Now!

Fellows, the most wonderful Train Book in the world is the Lionel Catalog. And it's a smart thing to leave around the house where Dad can see it. Get yours now. Take advantage of these coupon offers!



EXTRA-SPECIAL COUPON OFFER!



ALL For 50¢

Official Engineer's Cap, in striped denim, plus 5 R.R. emblems in color to wear on it, together with Catalog, Rule Book and Building Kit all for only 50¢!

✓ Check cap size here

Small Medium Large



SPECIAL COUPON OFFER!

LIONEL TRAINS, P.O. Box 9, Dept. F, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

- ☐ I enclose 25¢ for catalog offer below—
1. The new 36-page full color Lionel catalog
 2. Rule Book (including signals) for Model Railroaders.
 3. Model R. R. Town Building Kit—Stores, etc.
- OR
- ☐ I enclose 50¢ for catalog offer above plus engineer's cap

TWO OFFERS CHECK ONE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Pvt.

BRAGG

OKAY, YOU MEN - LET'S MAKE IT SNAPPY! FALL IN FOR WOOD-CHOPPING DETAIL!

THAT'S ME!

WOODCHOPPING - PHOOEY! A TALENTED GUY LIKE ME CHOPPIN' WOOD!

BRAGG'S CRYING THE BLUES AGAIN - LET'S SEE IF HE'LL GET OUT OF THIS DETAIL!



by BROWN & GANTZ

SQUAD - **HALT**



O.K. - FALL OUT AND EVERY TWO MEN PICK A TREE TO CHOP DOWN!

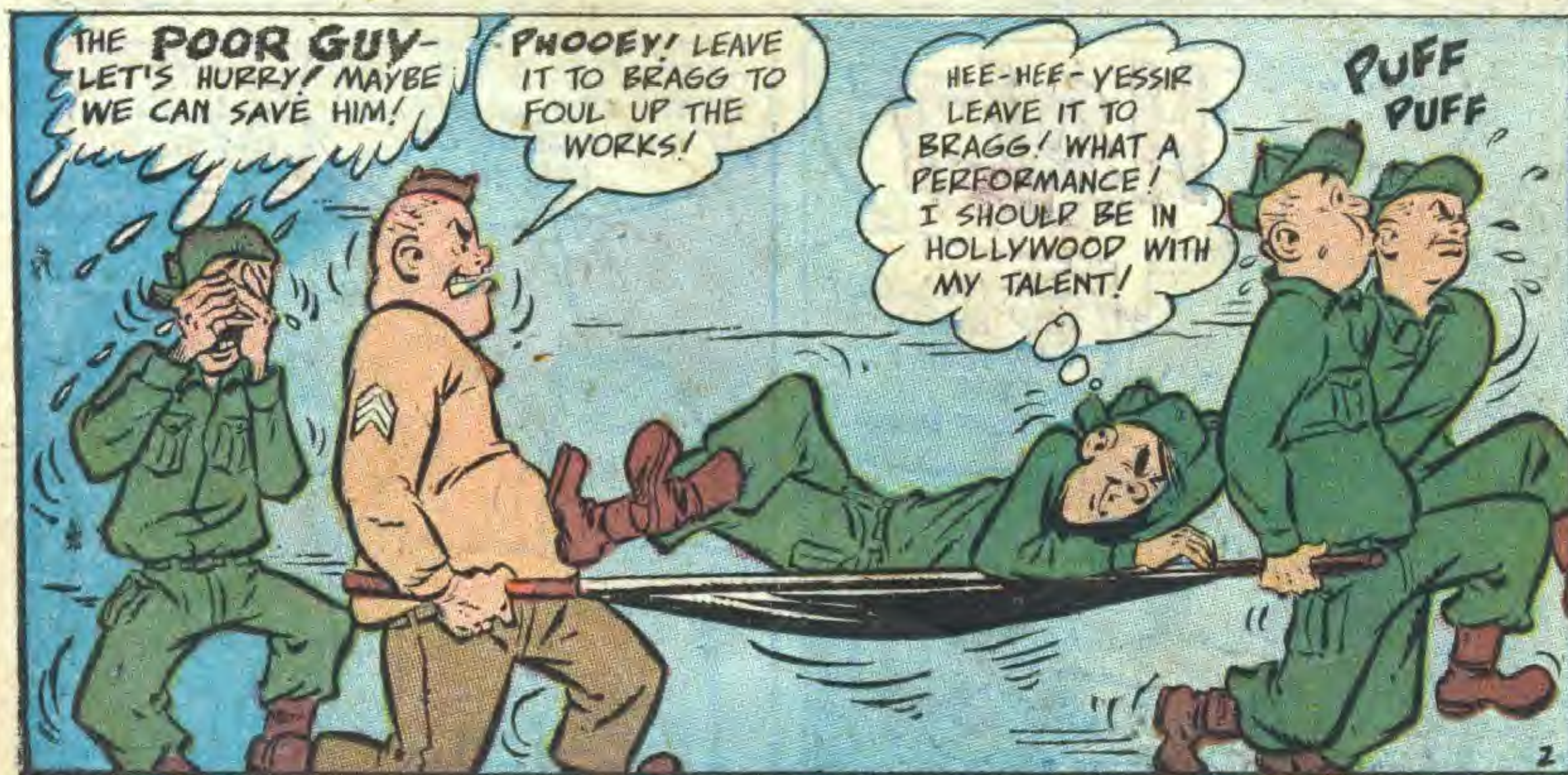


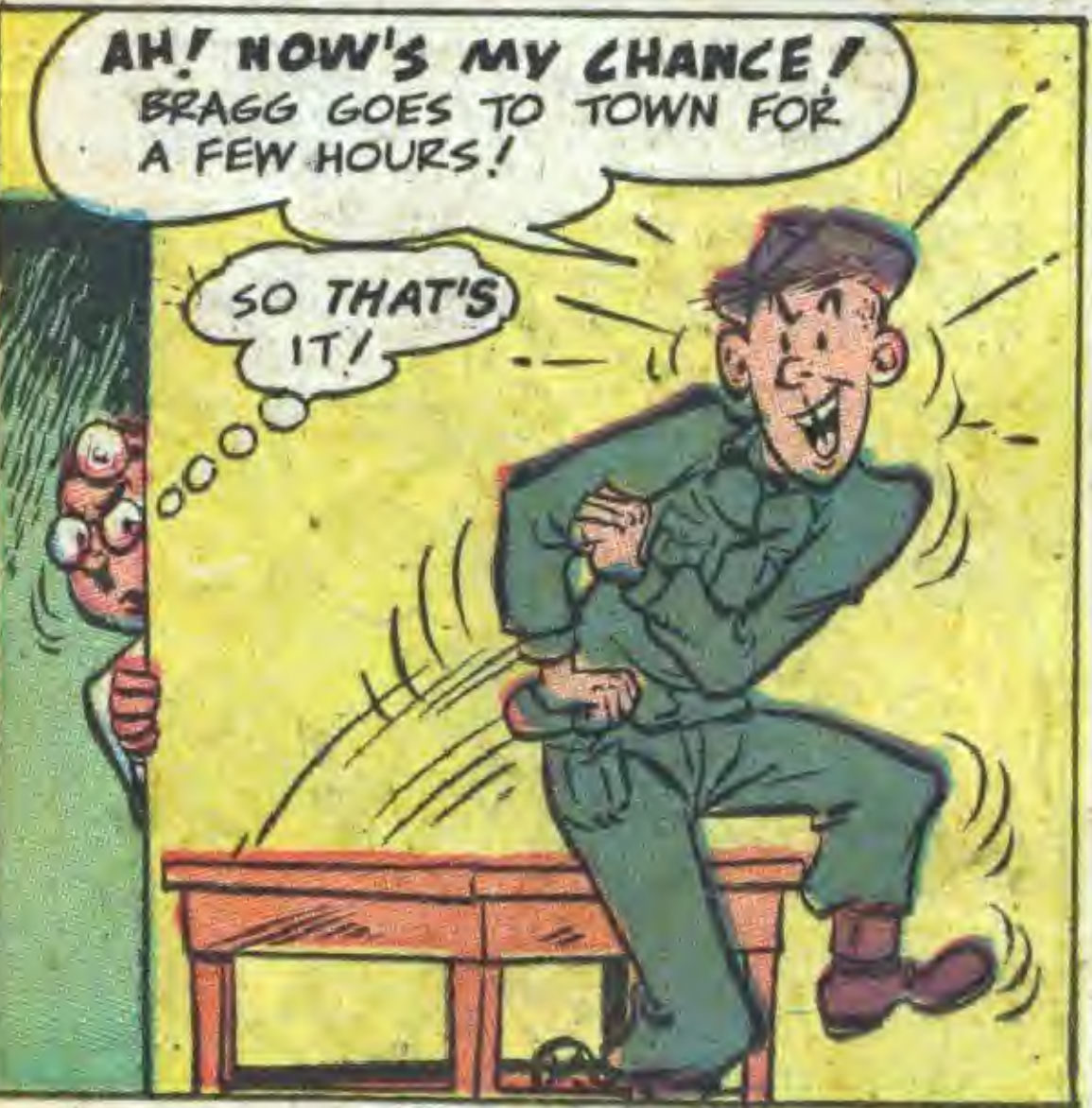
- AND AFTER IT'S CHOPPED DOWN - TRIM IT AND CUT IT INTO FIRE WOOD LENGTHS!

O.K., LET'S MOVE!

YOU TOO BRAGG!

GLOOM







G.I. Joe

ORDERED TO DIE!

Lt. Parker
First Platoon - Baker Company

You are directed to order three men to undertake return of captured operator #334 - location see code. Active results report immediately #73-09-5 by messenger twelve hours from 0700-2-29 - extreme caution - all security measures apply subject immediate courts martial. You are ordered to remain.

HQ/Commanding Officer



WHAT'S A SPECIAL ORDER MEAN TO US, SIR?

ORDERED TO DIE...
THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS, SERGEANT! I'VE GOT TO ORDER THREE MEN TO FACE ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH!



WELL, LOOTENANT, I GUESS I'LL GO! AN' THE OTHERS--

YOU'LL BE NEEDED HERE, MULVANEY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

ON YER FEET, GUYS!
LOOTENANT WANTS TO
SEE YA, DOUBLE
TIME!



...SO THAT'S IT, MEN! PRIVATES BURCH
AND HARRIS REPORT TO ME IN EXACTLY
15 MINUTES! I'LL LET YOU KNOW
WHO THE **THIRD MAN** WILL
BE AT THAT TIME!



SECRET MISSION -
NUTS! MISSION TO DIE,
HE MEANS! IT'S EASY TO
ORDER SOMEBODY
ELSE! WE GET THE
DIRT... **BRASS** GETS
THE GLORY!

COME OFF IT,
HARRIS!

WE GOTTA HURRY!
REMEMBER, NO
IDENTIFICATION,
BLACKENED FACES -
ONLY PISTOLS!
THAT'S ALL!



I WONDER WHO
THE **OTHER**
SUCKER FOR THE
SLAUGHTER
WILL BE?

LOOK, HARRIS - 'CAUSE
YA WASHED OUT OF
OCS DON'T GO
AROUND WITH A CHIP
ON YER SHOULDER!
YOU'RE NOT **BRASS**... YA
TRIED TO BE... SO
FORGET IT!



**LOOTENANT
PARKER!**

YES, I'M THE
THIRD MAN! YOU'LL
BE IN CHARGE HERE
UNTIL WE RETURN,
MULVANEY! ALL
RIGHT, BURCH -
HARRIS - **LET'S GO!**

YEAH? WELL, LISTEN,
MULVANEY - I **KNOW**
WHAT OFFICERS
ARE! THEIR FLUNKYS
DO ALL THE WORK
AN' THE **BRASS** GETS
THE CREDIT!

SHUT UP, HARRIS! YA
TALK TOO MUCH!

THIS IS THE PLACE
THE LOOTENANT SAID
TO MEET HIM - AN'
HE'S **LATE**! I WONDER
WHO THE **THIRD**
MAN'LL BE!



AN HOUR LATER, THE THREE MEN ARE IN THE HEART OF RED TERRITORY...



MINUTES LATER, THEY CRAWL OUT OF DANGER, BUT SOON, THEY COME ACROSS A COMMUNIST TRUCK, AND...



IF THOSE REDS REALLY KNEW WHO WAS DRIVING, WE'D HAVE HAD A BAD TIME! AN' THIS GUY'LL BE OUT COLD LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET AWAY!

WE'RE ALMOST TO RANGKU-- LET'S HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!



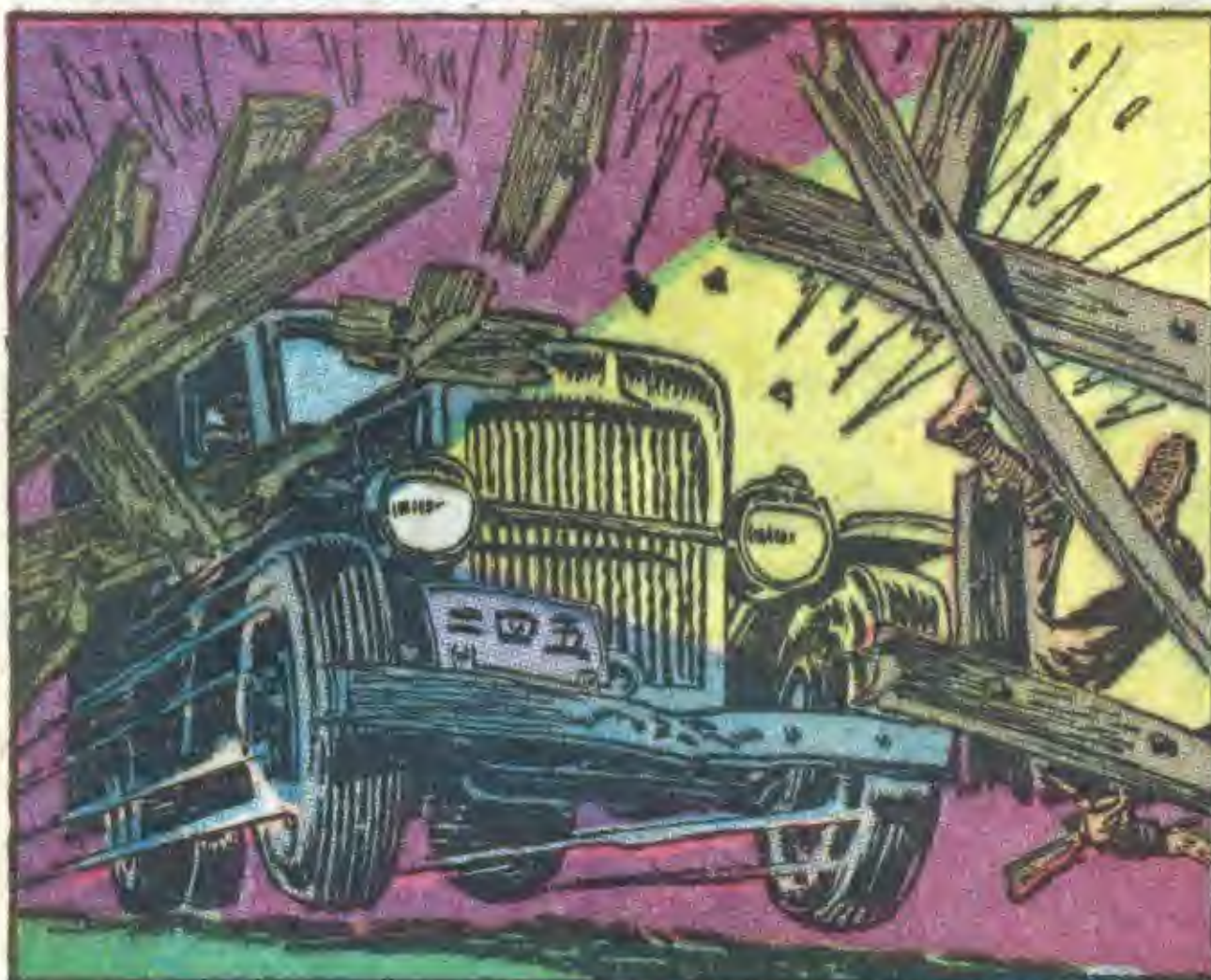
WITH COLD SWEAT STREAKING THEIR FACES, THE THREE MEN LISTEN TO THE APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS...



I'M GOING THROUGH! THIS COMMIE'LL SHIELD ME... KEEP LOW!



WITH SCREAMING WHEELS, JOE HURLS THE TRUCK THROUGH THE GATE...



KEEP GOING... THEY'RE CONFUSED! THEY THINK ONE OF THEIR MEN HAS GONE NUTS! WE CAN BURN THE TRUCK IN THE WOODS UP AHEAD!



CRASHING THE TRUCK AND BURNING IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, SIR! THE REDS'LL THINK THE COMMIE DID IT!

IT WILL STOP A SEARCH. ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, WE'RE JUST TEN MINUTES FROM THE SCHOOLHOUSE!



MINUTES LATER, IN AN ABANDONED SEWER UNDER THE SCHOOLHOUSE...

I SURE HOPE MR. "GOLD BAR" KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'! SO FAR HE'S BEEN DARNED LUCKY!

334 IS LOCKED IN AN OLD WASHROOM... WE CAN GET TO HIM THROUGH THIS DRAIN PIPE! WELL, HERE GOES...



OPERATOR 334...
OPERATOR 334... COME
TO DRAIN... COME TO
DRAIN... OPERATOR 334...

THIS IS 334...
WHO ARE
YOU? DO YOU
HAVE A SIGN?

BOBOLINK - WHITE!
WE'VE COME TO
RESCUE YOU... LISTEN
CAREFULLY...

WE'LL BREAK THE PIPE
AND PUSH UP THE DRAIN
COVER... THEN YOU CAN
SQUEEZE THROUGH! TO
HIDE OUR POUNDING,
YOU SING LOUD - AND
POUND THE FLOOR
WITH SOMETHING! SING
THE ANVIL CHORUS, IF
YOU CAN... BUT SING -
REALLY SING!

AS THE THREE G.I.'S WORK FEVERISHLY ON THE
PIPE, OPERATOR 334, BEATING TIME WITH A
TIN PLATE, BELLOWS THE ANVIL CHORUS...

BANG! BANG! BANG... BEATS
THE HAMMER - OF - THE
BLACKSMITH! POUND -
POUND - POUND RINGS
THE ANVIL OF THE
BLACKSMITH!!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!

WORKING FURIOUSLY, HAMMERING IN TEMPO TO
334'S SONG, PROGRESS IS MADE...

HA-HA! U.N. SPY SINGS
FOR COURAGE! I WILL
SHUT HIM UP!

OUR LUCK
HOLDS, WE'LL
HAVE HIM OUT IN
A MINUTE...
PROVIDING HE
CAN SQUEEZE
THROUGH!

WE'D BETTER
HURRY! IT'S GETTIN'
LIGHT OUT!

DRAIN BROKEN, #334, STRIPPED TO THE SKIN, DROPS CLOTHES THROUGH... THEN #334 DROPS THROUGH...



THERE'S OUR PICK-UP PLANE! HEAD FOR THE TREES! TO THE LEFT... JUST OVER THE HILL! THEY'LL SHIELD US FOR THE TAKE-OFF!



STUPID SWINE! THEY'VE ESCAPED! I WILL KILL ALL OF YOU FOR THIS!

A FEW DAYS LATER, "BAKER" COMPANY FALLS OUT FOR A SURPRISE VISIT FROM HQ....



...YES, YOU MEN OF BAKER COMPANY CAN BE PROUD OF BURCH AND HARRIS! NOW, LIEUTENANT PARKER-- FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS BY ACCOMPANYING YOUR MEN ON THIS MISSION...



WHY, THOSE -- THEY'RE GONNA THROW THE BOOK AT HIM! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO LT. PARKER!



...FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS, LIEUTENANT, I'M ORDERING YOU-- ACCOMPANIED BY BURCH AND HARRIS-- TO TAKE A THREE-WEEK FURLOUGH IN THE STATES! AIR TRANSPORTATION BOTH WAYS!



...INCIDENTALLY, HARRIS, LIEUTENANT PARKER RECOMMENDS YOUR RE-APPLICATION FOR OCS! I APPROVE!



THANK YOU, SIR-- BUT I'VE LEARNED A LOT THESE LAST FEW DAYS! I-- DECLINE... BECAUSE **FIRST**, I WANT TO LEARN TO BE A **SOLDIER**-- LIKE LIEUTENANT PARKER!

The End

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

EARLY IN 1943, FIELD MARSHALL ROMMEL'S AFRIKA CORPS WAS FIRMLY ENTRENCHED IN A 35-MILE LINE FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN TO IMPASSABLE QUATTARA DEPRESSION! FIELD MARSHAL "MONTY" MONTGOMERY PLANNED AN ALL-OUT OFFENSIVE AGAINST THIS LINE, A SUPREME EFFORT TO BAG "THE DESERT FOX"...

ADMIRAL, MY ATTACK WILL BE LAUNCHED IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! BUT ROMMEL IS TOO STRONG! CAN YOU NAVY CHAPS CREATE A DIVERSION, AND GIVE ME A CHANCE FOR A BREAKTHROUGH?

WE MIGHT KNOW A TRICK OR TWO, MARSHAL?



MEANWHILE, ON THE SHORE...

MARSHAL ROMMEL! MY POSITION IS BEING ATTACKED BY BRITISH NAVAL UNITS! SEND PLANES AND TANKS IMMEDIATELY!

IMPOSSIBLE! I CAN'T SPARE PLANES! IT IS PROBABLY A MINOR ATTACK! REPEL THEM!



ROMMEL COULDN'T REFUSE AID! STUKAS, MESSERSCHMIDTS, TANKS, 88'S, WERE DISPATCHED TO THE COAST WHERE THEY POURED HEAVY FIRE INTO THE OMINOUS SMOKE SCREEN...



THE BRITISH NAVY DIDN'T HAVE MANY SHIPS TO SPARE, BUT THEY HAD NERVE AND IMAGINATION! A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE ATTACK, AT A POINT JUST BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES...

READY, LADS! SHOOT THE FLARES AND GET THE SMOKE GENERATORS GOING!



BUT A HALF-HOUR LATER...

BUT, MARSHAL, IT IS A MAJOR ASSAULT! WE CAN HEAR PLANES, BATTLESHIP GUNS... THE WHOLE BRITISH ARMY MUST BE LANDING!



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, THERE WAS NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY SEA! THE NAZIS CLAIMED A GREAT VICTORY! BUT THE BRITISH LAUGHED, FOR THE "MAJOR ASSAULT" HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN FOUR MTB'S LAYING SMOKE AND PLAYING RECORDS OF BATTLE NOISES THROUGH SOME LOUDSPEAKERS! AND WHILE THE NAZIS CLOBBERED THE SMOKE SCREEN, MONTGOMERY'S FORCES SMASHED ON THROUGH ROMMEL'S WEAKENED LINE SEVERAL MILES AWAY!



THE END

Meet The Man...

Who Can Tell You How To Lick

PIMPLES



ACNE AND ALL OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED
SKIN BLEMISHES And Make Them

DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT... *instantly!*

Here is Mr. John A. Rubine, Ph.G. — a well-known pharmacist who has spent almost 20 years trying to solve one of the most vexing problems of youth — and adults too — unsightly, acne pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin conditions.

They are indeed a serious problem, for nothing can do more to ruin your chances of success and popularity than a face made ugly with pimples and blackheads. And, if neglected, acne pimples may leave permanent scars and pits.

Mr. Rubine, after much experimenting and research in cooperation with doctors and chemists, found what he was seeking — a formula that would lick acne pimples and other externally caused skin blemishes. He succeeded beyond his fondest expectations and he was so proud of his treatment that he gave it his own name — RUBIN-EX.



HE BLESSES RUBIN-EX! No one can realize the humiliation — almost disgrace — of a face marred by pimples and blackheads. I had them so bad that I felt no one wanted to look at me. Today my pimples are gone — and I bless Rubin-Ex — that did it. — Mr. Bob I.R., Long Island.



LUCKY DAY FOR HER! For years I was embarrassed and ashamed of my pimply face and blotchy complexion. It was a lucky day for me when I was told about Rubin-Ex. My pimples disappeared from sight instantly and my complexion improved 100%. — Miss Jane G.L., Bronx.

DOUBLE ACTION! DOUBLE QUICK RESULTS!

The sensational Rubin-Ex treatment works two ways:

A. Makes acne pimples and all other skin blemishes INSTANTLY DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.

B. Its medication cleans up pimples, blackheads.

When thousands of tiny oil glands discharge more oil than your skin can absorb, the excess oil picks up and holds tiny particles of dust, dirt, grime, grit, bacteria. This foreign matter soon clogs up and enlarges your pores, form blackheads, cause infection and soon you have a fine crop of ugly, red acne pimples.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #1 is a special cleaning agent that really gets down in the skin pores and thoroughly cleans them out as no soap can. It also removes excess oil thus correcting excessive oiliness in your skin, one of the principal causes of pimples and blackheads.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #2 is great news. When applied to your face it makes pimples and other unsightly blemishes disappear from sight instantly.

And while it is hiding your ugly blemishes from critical eyes, its medication is actually at work to clean them up. It contains an ingredient that relieves the fiery itching, another to soothe and heal the irritation, and still another which gently and harmlessly flakes off the dead, hard outer skin, leaving your face and complexion much smoother and clearer. You can use Rubin-Ex day and night, for it is neutral when applied and does not interfere with make-up. Makes an excellent powder base.

HOW YOU MAY TRY RUBIN-EX AT OUR RISK

Mr. Rubine is so sure that his treatment will improve your skin and complexion in just 10 days that he is making this No Risk Offer. He says, "Use Rubin-Ex for 10 days. If you do not notice a marked improvement in your skin and complexion,

if you are not entirely pleased and happy with results, your money will be refunded at once." So start now for a clearer, lovelier skin and complexion, the magic way to popularity and success. Order Rubin-Ex today. MAIL COUPON NOW.

MR. JOHN A. RUBINE PH.G.

SKIN-TEX CORP., 69-47 218 St., Dept. AG, Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Mr. Rubine: Please rush me in plain wrapper complete Rubin-Ex treatment. (Formula #1 and #2). It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied with the improvement in my complexion in just 10 days you will return my money. ☐ Find enclosed \$2. Cash, Check or Money Order. You are to pay all postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

A.P.O.—F.P.O. Canada or Foreign Countries—Add 50c—No C.O.D.

SKIN-TEX CORP.

69-47 218 St., Dept. AG,

Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

MAIL CALL

HEY, GUYS AND GALS!!

THIS IS YOUR PAGE! LET'S
HEAR FROM YA! ADDRESS YOUR
LETTERS TO ME,

G.I. JOE

ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO.

366 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

I think your mag is
one of the best on the
stands. I have not
missed one issue yet.
I started to save
them to send to one of
my friends in Korea. I
have sent them to some
of my English pen pals
and they wrote me
asking for more.

Barbara Sharp,
Tola, Montana

I wish every kid in the
U.S. could read G.I. Joe.
It makes you stop and
think of how lucky we
are to live in such a
great country. It helps
you realize how important
it is to keep it great.
G.I. Joe is a wonderful
magazine... don't ever
stop publishing it.

B.C.
Chicago, Ill.

I am very glad you
added the "Mail Call" page
so I can write and tell
you how good G.I. Joe
is. Unlike most war
comics it makes me feel
as though I really
know Joe and the other
boys.

E.P.
Bloomington, Ill.

Just a few lines to let you know
how much I enjoy reading your
magazine G.I. Joe. I not only enjoy
your stories but I enjoy your cover
illustrations and the art work
inside is excellent.
I especially like your "Buddies"
stories. "The Wedding Ring" (AUGUST, #14)
was the best yet. Keep up the
good work.

Miss Johanne Haschal,
Ecorse, Mich.

I enjoy reading your comic very much.
I read it every month. Please do some
more stories like "A Drink of Water"
(AUGUST, #14). My mother never let
me read war comics until your comic
came out.

David Carpenter,
Hilton Village, Va.



G.I. Joe

in

The SMILE OF KOO GANG

WAR BUILDS A WALL AROUND EVERY G.I. — A FORTRESS THAT BECOMES PART OF HIS HOPE FOR SURVIVAL. WALLS, LIKE HUMAN BEINGS, HAVE THEIR SOFT SPOTS. BUT DUKE SPEERS HAD NONE -- UNTIL LITTLE KOC GANG WORMED HIS WAY THROUGH IT — TO LET IN THE LIGHT. OUR SCENE IS THE TOWN OF RUNAO. JOE, HOOSIER HAWKINS AND DUKE SPEERS. CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCE TOWARD A BOMBED-OUT HUT...





BACK AT CAMP...

...IF YOU THINK HIS PARENTS MIGHT STILL BE IN THE AREA, HE CAN STAY, BURCH! HOWEVER, YOU AND SPEERS WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS SAFETY!

YOU CAN WET-NURSE THE KID, JOE! NOT ME!

I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE, SIR! KOO GANG AN' ME ARE PALS!

HEY, GUYS — WE GOT A MASCOT!

AS NIGHT SETS IN, BAKER COMPANY TRIES TO WARM THE TEARFUL HEART OF THEIR LITTLE MASCOT...

EAT UP, KOO GANG! YA GOTTA FILL OUT THOSE ARMS AND LEGS...

LOOK, KID — A DONKEY!

HERE, KID — COOKIES! ME GIRL MABEL SENT 'EM TO ME! G'HEAD — TAKE SOME!

MAN! HE'S A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK! I'VE PLAYED TILL MY MOUTH'S SORE — BUT KOO GANG WON'T SMILE!

THIS'LL GET A SMILE! LOOK, KOO GANG — I'M UPSIDE DOWN! DON'T I LOOK FUNNY?

LOOK AT ME, KOO GANG! I'M MAKIN' LIKE A MONKEY!

I GIVE UP... THE KID WON'T BREAK DOWN AN' SMILE!

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS WISE UP? CAN'TCHA SEE THE KID HATES US? HE'LL HEAD FOR THE COMMIES AS SOON AS HE CAN MAKE A BREAK! SO WISE UP AN' LEAVE HIM BE!

YOU NEED THE WISING UP, SPEERS! NO HOME — HALF STARVED — SISTER DEAD! THE KID CAN HARDLY WALK, LET ALONE SMILE -- AN' YOU WANT TO MAKE IT TOUGHER FOR HIM! WELL, NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!



LATER, IN THE BLEAK LIGHT OF DAWN

KEEP LOW... THIS SECTION'S LOADED WITH SNIPERS! WHEN WE GET TO 607 YOU COVER THE REAR, HOOSIER! DUKE AND I WILL SPLIT AND COVER THE ADVANCE!



SOON, THE THREE NERVE-TAUT MEN MAKE HILL 607. SUDDENLY, JOE HEARS A NOISE — HE WHIRLS, M-1 LEVELED TO FIRE...

KOO GANG! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?

'SEND HIM BACK! THAT LOUSY KID'LL JINX US FOR SURE!



STAY CLOSE TO ME, LITTLE FELLA!

I KNEW IT! HE'S TIPPED OUR POSITION TO THE REDS!



CRI-MINY! JOE!
JOE! DUKE'S CAUGHT
IN A LANDSLIDE! HE'LL
BE BURIED ALIVE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT'S NO USE,
HOOSIER... THIS
IS A JOB FOR A
BULLDOZER!

NO TIME FOR
THAT! WE GOTTA
WORK FAST!



SOJER JOE!
LOOK - HOLE!



CAN YOU SEE
ANYTHIN,
JOE?

NOT MUCH!
BLACK AS PITCH!
DUKE! DUKE
SPEERS! CAN
YA HEAR ME?
DUKE!



HE'S ALIVE!
I-I CAN
HEAR HIM!

I'LL GET LOOTENANT
PARKER, JOE! WE
GOTTA GET DUKE OUT
BEFORE THE REDS
SPOT US!



WITH DISCIPLINED SPEED, LT. PARKER AND HIS MEN REPOSITION AT HILL 607, PREPARATORY TO DIGGING OUT DUKE SPEERS...

HE'S STILL ALIVE, SIR, BUT WOUNDED—A BROKEN LEG!

THE ENGINEERS CAN'T PROMISE A BULLDOZER UNTIL MORNING! OUR IMMEDIATE PROBLEM IS TO GET FOOD AND WATER TO SPEERS POSSIBLY, WE CAN PASS SUPPLIES BY POLE THROUGH THE CREVICE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, BREAK OUT SOME TENT POLES AND LASH 'EM TOGETHER--ON THE DOUBLE!

TENSE MINUTES LATER...

WHAT'S WRONG? CAN'T YOU GUYS PUSH A LITTLE PACKAGE THROUGH A HOLE?

IT'S HITTING SOMETHIN'! THERE MUST BE A TWIST IN THE TUNNEL!



IF WE DON'T GET SOMETHING TO HIM SOON, IT MAY BE TOO LATE!

LOO-TEN-ANT P'KER—KOO GANG SOJER LIKE SOJER JOE. HE GET IN HOLE.





KOO GANG GOOD SOLDIER, BUT I WON'T PERMIT IT, UNDERSTAND? IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!



HEY, SARGE! THERE'S A RED SQUAD DEPLOYING ABOUT A MILE DUE NORTH!



LOOTENANT! KOO GANG'S GONE!

HALF-BURIED, NUMB WITH PAIN, DUKE SPEERS WATCHES IN CHILLED FRIGHT, THE LIGHT OF HIS FLASHLIGHT GROWING WEAKER AND WEAKER ... SUDDENLY, HEARING SCRAPING NOISES, HE SWINGS HIS LIGHT INTO THE FACE OF -- KOO GANG!



KOO GANG BRING SOJER WA-TER-- FOOD!

KOO GANG! I-- I'LL NEVER FORGET YA, KID! I'LL NEVER FORGET YA!

A FEW WEEKS LATER, AT A REST CAMP, BAKER COMPANY TRIES TO FORGET WAR. KOO GANG HAS BEEN SENT TO AN ORPHANAGE ...



HI, SPEERS!

IT WASN'T BROKEN -- JUST A SPRAIN!

DUKE! HOW'S THE LEG!

SAY -- I GOT A LETTER FROM KOO GANG! REMEMBER ... HE COULD NEVER SMILE? WELL, GET A LOAD OF THIS!



I'LL BET HE BROKE THE CAMERA WITH THAT SMILE! JUS' LOOK AT HIM! AIN'T HE THE CUTEST LITTLE FELLA YA EVER SAW?

HE WANTED TO THANK ME FOR THE BASEBALL OUTFIT! YOU SHOULD READ HIS LETTER -- HE CALLS ME "DOOK!" HE'S HAPPY -- AN' WOTTA SMILE!

YOU MADE HIM SMILE, DUKE -- AND IT'S MADE THINGS BETTER FOR BOTH OF YOU ... 'CAUSE, SOJER -- YOU SHOULD SEE THAT SMILE OF YOURS!



The End

Here Are Your Boys

By Sam Daily, Correspondent

Somewhere in Korea, Sept. 12th —
There was little activity on the
front today with only scattered
patrol action by UN troops in
the vicinity of ...

I'M SAM DAILY, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT,
AND THIS IS THE COPY I HAVE TO FILE
TODAY. BUT I'D RATHER BE WRITING
ANOTHER STORY, A STORY ABOUT
YOUR BOYS, YOUR SONS, HUSBANDS
AND SWEETHEARTS. YET, SOMEHOW,
I CAN'T WRITE THE STORY OF
PVT. CARL STOVER AND CPL. MIKE
ZOLDAK BECAUSE ...

COVER ME, BUDDY

WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL UNDER-
STAND! IT ALL BEGAN A FEW
WEEKS AGO! I WAS ON
THE LINE WITH "CHARLIE"
COMPANY WHEN ...

YOU SHOULDN'T LET
THE SYSTEM GRIND YOU
DOWN, ZOLDAK! A MAN
MUST RETAIN HIS
INTEGRITY... HIS
INDIVIDUALITY...

AH, ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR
CRAZY IDEAS, STOVER! YA
THINK TOO MUCH! WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN TO THE ARMY
IF EVERY GI DID WHAT
YOU SAY?





WHY, THE LOUSY REDS WOULD WALK ALL OVER US! YOU GOTTA HAVE THE TEAMWORK, DISCIPLINE...

OF COURSE YOU'D DEFEND THE SYSTEM, CORPORAL ZOLDAK! YOU'RE PART OF IT!



WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM MAKE A ROBOT OUTA ME!

YEAH? WELL, A SOLDIER WHO THINKS TOO MUCH IS DANGEROUS! IT'LL GET YOU IN TROUBLE SOMEDAY!



THAT GUY BURNS ME UP WITH HIS BIG WORDS AND SMART ALECK IDEAS... WHAT DO YOU THINK, SAM?

WELL, ZOLDAK, I SAY! HERE COMES SERGEANT BARTON!



OKAY, ROLL OUT! WE GOT A PATROL TO MAKE! YOU WANNA COME ALONG, DAILY?

WHY NOT? MAYBE I'LL GET SOMETHING FOR MY COLUMN! THINGS HAVE BEEN QUIET AROUND HERE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, NEAR THE RED LINES...



HARRIS, YOU AND STOVER SCOUT AHEAD FOR RED OUTPOSTS! REPORT BACK IN TEN MINUTES! WE'LL WAIT HERE!

RIGHT, SARGE!

"HARRIS AND STOVER SCOUTED AHEAD! A FEW MINUTES LATER..."



YOU STAY HERE, STOVER! I'M GONNA CRAWL OUT AND SEE IF I CAN SPOT ANY REDS! COVER ME!

SURE, HARRIS, SURE!



"WE HEARD THE FIRE AND RUSHED FORWARD..."



"SOON..."



THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY, STOVER! I'LL BET YOU WERE DREAMIN' AGAIN!

CUT IT, ZOLDAK! HARRIS IS DEAD! YA CAN'T BRING HIM BACK!



WE RETURNED TO OUR LINES! THE NEXT DAY...

THERE'S ZOLDAK WATCHING ME AGAIN! HE MUST SUSPECT I DIDN'T COVER HARRIS! BUT I...I CAN'T SEE EVERYTHING... I WASN'T HARRIS' GUARDIAN!



WAIT! HARRIS SAID A FEW WORDS BEFORE HE DIED! MAYBE HE TOLD ZOLDAK! ZOLDAK WAS HIS BUDDY! NOW HE'LL BLAME ME FOR HARRIS' DEATH!



WHAT'S A MATTER, THINKER? SOMETHIN' BOTHERIN' YA? YOU AIN'T SAID A WORD FOR TWO DAYS!

I... I'M ALL RIGHT, ZOLDAK!

HE MUST KNOW! HARRIS MUST HAVE TOLD HIM!



"WEIGHED DOWN BY GUILT AND FEAR OF ZOLDAK, STOVER WAS MISERABLE! NEXT DAY, WE WERE OUT ON PATROL AGAIN..."

ZOLDAK, YOU AND STOVER RECONNOITER THAT FARMHOUSE! BUT GO EASY! THIS IS RED TERRITORY!

OKAY, SARGE!



"SOON..."

THERE'S THE HOUSE! LOOKS PRETTY DESERTED!



YEAH, BUT BARTON WANTS A FULL CHECK! I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK! COVER ME!

SURE, STOVER, I'LL COVER YOU... JUST LIKE YOU COVERED HARRIS!!





JUST LIKE I COVERED HARRIS! THEN HE KNOWS... HARRIS DID TELL HIM... I KNOW IT...



"JUST LIKE YOU COVERED HARRIS!"

"JUST LIKE YOU COVERED HARRIS!"



"SUDDENLY..."

MORTAR FIRE! REDS IN THE FARMHOUSE! I'M PINNED DOWN!



THEY'RE COMING CLOSER! ZOLDAK... WHY DOESN'T HE COVER ME? I KNOW... HE'S GONNA LET ME DIE... LIKE HARRIS! HE'S GETTING EVEN WITH ME! ZOLDAK! ZOLDAK! ZOLDAK!

WHAM!



BLOOIEEEEEE!!



"THE NEXT THING STOVER REMEMBERED, HE WAS IN A HOSPITAL TENT..."

COVER ME! COVER ME! COVER ME!... UH, WHERE AM I?

EASY, STOVER, EASY! YOU'RE OKAY! YOU'VE BEEN OUT FROM THE MORTAR CONCUSSION!



ZOLDAK! YEAH, HE RISKED HIS LIFE KNOCKING OUT THAT MORTAR! THEN HE BROUGHT YOU IN EVEN THOUGH HE WAS HIT!



ZOLDAK... WHAT CAN I SAY? THANKS... THANKS A LOT!

SKIP THE CORN, STOVER! I JUST DID MY JOB... YOU KNOW, TEAMWORK, THE SYSTEM...



LISTEN TO ME, ZOLDAK! I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE! YOU WERE RIGHT! I *DIDN'T* COVER HARRIS! I... I WAS DAY DREAMING... AND HE GOT IT!



I KNOW HARRIS MUST'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE HE DIED, BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU MYSELF... TO ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME...

EASY, STOVER! NOW I GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE!



HARRIS PUT YOU IN THE CLEAR! HE SAID IT WAS HIS OWN FAULT! HE GOT CARELESS AN' STOOD UP! THAT'S WHEN THE REDS GOT HIM! BUT YOU ACTED SO GUILTY, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!



I KNEW YOU HAD A BAD ATTITUDE! BUT WHEN I HAD TO COVER YOU I REALIZED HARRIS WAS RIGHT! A GUY WOULD NEVER LET A BUDDY DIE IF HE COULD HELP IT...



THEN I REALLY *DIDN'T* CAUSE HARRIS' DEATH! BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! I'M GOING TO BE PART OF THE SYSTEM, THE TEAM, FROM NOW ON!



THAT'S MY STORY! "COVER ME, BUDDY!" IT'LL APPEAR IN THE OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE AS "SCATTERED PATROL ACTION!" BUT THIS IS THE HEART OF OUR WAR! THIS IS WHAT MAKES US WHAT WE ARE — A **HARD-TO-BEAT-TEAM!**

THE END

THE GENERAL WHO LED THE WAY

IT WAS a typical London night—drizzling and foggy. Outside Headquarters building, two wet, tired sentries ducked into the guardhouse momentarily to warm their hands at the pot-bellied stove.

"The brass sure picked a heck of a night to hold a conference."

"Yeah, I'll bet there's more brass in there tonight than there is in all the cuspidors in Brighton. Must be something big popping!"

Little did the two sentries know how big the conference was. The entire future of the Second World War hinged on the success of the evening's proposed scheme. Around the big conference table were seated all the Supreme Allied Commanders and their aides. They were all agreed on the next big move in the war to smash Hitler's hold on Europe and the free world: **THE INVASION OF AFRICA!**

Here was an amphibious operation that would startle the world in its scope. And because of its nature it was a job that called for the utmost cooperation between the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

After much deliberation the coast of French North Africa was chosen as the point of invasion. Here the Allies hoped to receive aid from partisan Frenchmen who had not sold out to Vichy. But in order to receive this aid it was vital to contact the Free French at the very highest level. A liaison team must enter enemy territory, meet the French officials, discuss pertinent details, set a "D-day" and leave without the Vichy government being aware of the scheme. At its very best, this was a highly-dangerous mission. One which called for volunteers.

A tall, angular West Pointer of forty-six stepped forward. On his shoulders gleamed the two stars of a major-general. General Mark Clark, who, at twenty-one, had led troops into combat in France in World War I, was ready to lead the group. In a matter of hours the rest of the team was selected: General Lemnitzer, Colonels Hamblen and Holmes and Navy Captain Wright.

A few nights later after a short but thorough briefing, the quintet, dressed in civilian clothes, left London in a curtained auto. Then, a rapid transfer to a blacked-out train: destination Scotland.

Arriving at a secret Scottish airfield, they boarded a plane.

When they landed at an undisclosed base, a voice called out:

"All right, gentlemen, step lively! We've got to catch a boat in five minutes!"

"Whew," panted one of the party, "I'm glad this is the last change. I'm worn out!"

General Clark smiled. "Don't look now, but we transfer to a submarine before we get to North Africa."

Twenty-four hours later as Clark and his damp, tired and unshaven party boarded the submarine, they were greeted by the remaining members of their team: three young Commando officers, skilled at raiding enemy shores.

"... that's correct, General Clark. We are to meet the French officials in the isolated farmhouse indicated here on the map. The signal is prearranged. The windows facing the shore will be dark and an hour after we land they will be lighted. Unless this light flashes it will not be safe to proceed."

Hours later as the submarine lay on the surface three rubber life-boats were put overside and Clark and his raiders climbed aboard. Clutched in his left hand was a little black bag. One of the Commando officers reached forward to assist Clark into the raft, and held the bag.

"Careful there, young fellow," Clark said, "don't drop it! The success of our mission may depend on that bag."

The men rowed swiftly and quietly toward shore. A short while later, landing with his team, General Clark became the first such high-ranking officer to invade enemy soil since the start of the war. The boats were quickly beached and cached.

Stealthily the team followed the Commandos to the isolated farmhouse which stood not far inland.

About one hundred yards from the house the men dropped to their knees in a thick clump of bushes.

"All right—now we wait for the signal. The house is still dark."

An hour passed. Another and yet another. Night faded into a grey dawn and still no signal. Was the mission, so carefully planned, doomed to an early failure?

The sun rose over the horizon.

"What do we do now, General Clark?"

"Well, we've come this far—anything could have gone wrong. I say we sweat it out another day. Let's see what nightfall brings."

The hours passed slowly. None of the men dared show themselves for fear of revealing the well-laid scheme. They talked in whispers. Breakfast, lunch and supper consisted of K-Rations. Sustaining, but hardly the food staff officers usually eat. At last it was night; the moon shone brightly.

Would the signal come tonight? Again they waited and then, "Look—there it is—the light in the windows!"

Quickly, ducking in single-file, the men entered the farmhouse. There, to their amazement they found the entire staff of Free French Officers attired in full military dress for the occasion. The farmer had sent his wife on vacation and given his servants the week off.

The conference started immediately. All through the night and morning General Clark and his men determined which Frenchmen would be friendly to the invading forces; which officials could be trusted. He arranged for the deliverance of strategic Algerian airports into his hands when the invasion began. All manner of military data vital to a successful invasion was garnered as the conference continued throughout the next day.

Then suddenly: RING! RING!

"Pardon, messieurs, the telephone! It is to ring only in case of danger. The Vichy police have learned something is afoot. Quickly, disperse! The Americans may hide in the wine cellar. This way—quickly!"

They had to work fast—and quietly. Dignified French soldiers ripped off their uniforms, and threw on their mufti. They jumped out windows, through the back door; they ran down the road, into haystacks, into the woods. American soldiers rushed down a stairway into the wine cellar. And not a moment too soon.

As the American contingent grouped about the trap door they could hear the Vichy cars grinding to a halt, and the officers tramping into the house.

"Draw your arms," General Clark whispered. He grabbed up a carbine in one hand and waved the little black bag in the other. "If they come I'll try to use this bag first, if it doesn't work, then you know what to do!"

"What's in that bag, sir?"

"Gold, twenty-thousand dollars in gold. Maybe we can bribe them. . . ."

The decision, however, was not left to General Clark. The farmer was a deft talker, and convinced the Vichy officials they were mistaken. No sooner had the Vichy squad cars roared off down the road than General Clark and his men headed for the beach. They covered the distance in record time. Once at the beach the Commando officers let out a yell, "Darn it—look at that surf. It's running too heavy to launch these rubber boats—we're stuck."

"Well, I'm game, men," General Clark said. "Follow me. Commando Livingstone and I will chance the first boat. You men follow."

Clark and Livingstone leaped into the first rubber boat and pushed off into the surf, but the boat capsized. Struggling back to shore, they again made a try. The others followed suit. By stripping the boats down, making them lighter, they finally got them under way. As the boats made toward the submarine rendezvous the men looked back toward the farmhouse which now was being flooded by spotlights from the Vichy squad cars which were roaring back down the road.

"Hah, made it in time, General. At least those Vichys won't get the gold."

"No, they won't get it. But the sea did. I lost the bag of gold when we capsized the first time. But I'm sure the cost of this operation when balanced against the lives we hope to save will certainly be worth more than a million bags of gold."

Three weeks later, when American forces invaded and successfully took North Africa with little resistance, the world was amazed at the operation. How could such an enormous amphibious invasion have been accomplished with such little loss of life?

A few months later the world was informed of the courageous pre-invasion sortie of General Clark and his Commandos who made this accomplishment possible. And for his part in this thrilling adventure America rewarded one of her heroes by presenting him with another star to make Mark Wayne Clark the youngest Lieutenant General in the United States Army.

THE END

The YARDBIRDS

